

The Times-Dispatch

Business Office.....Times-Dispatch Building
15 South Tenth Street.
Richmond, Va.
Washington Bureau.....Munsey Building
Peterson Bureau.....109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....218 Eighth Street

BY MAIL. One Six Three One
POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mo. Mo. Mo.
Daily with Sunday.....\$6.00 \$2.00 \$1.50
Daily without Sunday.....4.00 2.00 1.00
Sunday edition only.....1.00 1.00 .50

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service
in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg—
One Week.
Daily with Sunday.....15 cents
Daily without Sunday.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1913, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1913.

PASSING INTO HISTORY.

The tremendous pathos of the Confederate Reunion grows each year. The ranks of gallant gray are thinning day by day, and before we know it there will be no Veterans of the Civil War. The great Victor conquers them one by one. Three fell before the scythe of Time in a day, even led to death now by the same brave spirit that sent them into charge after charge of triumph. The very strain of living once again through the old scenes and assembling with the old comrades to make merry again before the shadow fell, meant death to these ancients. We have before us the strangely moving sight of an era passing into history. These soldiers made history. Soon they will have gone to rest forever, and the pages of history remain alone as their great memorial.

Yet a little while we can touch hands with the passionate conflict. We can hear from the mouths of men who lived and bled for its principles the stories of gallant courage, splendid leadership, grim determination, and bitter defeat. In their memories still flutter the battle-flags; still roar the guns; still groan the wounded; still lie the ranks of dead. For us of a newer generation they can paint the image of grim-visaged war. We can learn history from the true historians.

Yet, when the last man who fought in the great conflict has surrendered, and that will not be long, time will fold this page of life into its solemn book of the past. No spoken word will hand down the splendid tradition of valor and devotion. Silence forever will fall on the Confederacy. Its battles will not be the reminiscences of old soldiers. They will be written beside Marathon, and Philippi, and Tours, and Aegioncourt, and Waterloo, and Bunker Hill.

It is time we cherished the links that still hold fast to a living memory. It is time we recorded with sacred truth what their lips have to tell. It is time that we now, as the vast procession of history melts into darkness before our eyes, write in everlasting words the spirit of the South that will soon be dead.

INVENTORY THE BOARD.

This editorial is just a list of questions. The answer must come in the future from the people of Richmond.

Has the Administrative Board been a success? To-day it has been in office for five months. It is time to take a summer inventory. No attempt has been made to prejudice the work of this board. No attempt is now made to judge it. The point is: Is it time to get the facts on which to judge of the success or failure of this innovation. Without regard to the personnel of the board, or the individual acts thus far performed, for the sake of the future, the thinking citizens of Richmond must ask themselves what they think of the Administrative Board.

Is there an adequate return for the \$25,000 in salaries to be paid each year to five men? Is there in the life of the city a new spirit of unselfish public service for the good of all the people? Has there been an improvement in the methods by which the departments under the board are governed and officered? Is the ideal of efficiency and economy held as the guide and inspiration of public service in this city? Has petty politics, the insidious personal relationship, the sectional and class sentiment of the various elements in the community been lessened? Has the board done things better, more quickly, or less expensively, than the way the same thing was done under the old Council system?

Five months is not time enough in which to accomplish big things. It is time enough to accomplish some little ones. It is time enough to lay down policies and make clear the lines of progress along which the big things must come. There is nothing unjust in examining the board's work for a test of its probable future. If it is not successful, then something ought to be done about it. If changes can make it into the instrument that is needed in Richmond's life, they should be made. If the fundamental theory and framework of the board is wrong, then the board should be abolished. If the electorate is not educated up to the point where it can be trusted to select a few men to run large affairs and take full responsibility, then the electorate should have such facts jammed down individual and collective throats good and hard.

It is difficult to ask these questions without seeming to voice a prejudice. Yet these questions have to be answered if Richmond is to be insured safe and steady progress in political and social life. The board must be estimated as a bit of municipal machinery, and then as a group of men to be chosen by a certain electorate. There is no prejudice or partisanship in such an inquiry. It is scientific.

Mr. Taxpayer, what do you think of the board? Is it worth \$25,000 a year to you? Are contracts being put through in less time and with better work than before? Is the city cleaner, safer, more beautiful, in touch with modern ideals of service? Are the streets what you want? Are they

cleaned as you expected? Do you see great plans for the future beauty and dignity of your home and pride? Don't get hurried or flustered or excited. Use the same sense you use to make your business pay. Is the board a paying investment? Is it inventory time.

THE LOBBY INVESTIGATION.

What does the Senate expect to achieve by the lobby investigation—the existence of a large and insidious bunch of men working to fix the tariff the way they want it? The people know such a lobby exists, and has existed for some decades. It is more active and vicious this year than before, because it is fighting in the last ditch. Or it may be because against a big Democratic majority intent on making a real cut in duties it has had to employ strong-arm methods not needed in the past, when the legislative machine was fixed from the moment things started. In a way the violent fight of this lobby is a good sign. It is being forced into the open.

Does the Senate expect its investigation to prevent lobbying in the future? The expose of the names and employers of the lobbyists may have a wholesome educational effect as to what are the real forces against tariff revision and why, but unless the inquiry results in stringent laws to prevent future pernicious activity, no very real effect will have been achieved. As a matter of fact, in States like Missouri, where antilobby laws have been passed, the effect has been only to drive the subtle workers under cover. You cannot prevent hearings on a public act. You cannot admit the claims and evidence of one side and shut out those of the other. Nor can you prevent members of Congress from seeking to get light on the way to vote. They will claim this privilege, and if their advisers happen to be lobbyists who can say real wrong has been done? The people do not want any white-wash handed out. They do not want weeks of time spent on a side issue already recognized, while the tariff remains in jeopardy and business restless and uncertain. If there has been any real wrongdoing by Senators, let us have the facts and go to the punishment. But why waste energy on establishing the existence of a vigorous and insidious lobby that everybody admits to begin with?

The remedy for the lobby evil is simple enough. Let us have Senators who are unremoved by the arguments and appeals of selfish men. If your Senate is honest, sincere, responsive and determined, the finest and most expensive lobby in the world can plot and manoeuvre and spend money without result. The tricks of influencing legislation are well known by this time. That is why we went through the muck-rake period. But you cannot trick a man who is honest and open. That is what the Senate should worry about.

Mr. Wilson's remarks need no defense. He said what is known. If necessary, he will name names whether an investigation be forced or not. No legitimate business interest will suffer. The real need is a tariff bill that on its surface proves the lobby has no hand in framing it. Give us that and quit fooling with investigations.

MAD DOGS AND MARKSMANSHIP.

That dog in Monroe Park may or may not have been mad, but certainly the policemen who had to shoot ten times to put the beast out of his trouble ought to be mad. Ten shots per dog is not a very good average even for a policeman. A letter to this paper says a bystander had to come up and take a policeman's club and knock the dog over the head to end the tragedy. That bystander had more sense than the usual innocent one. He evidently foresaw that if the fusillade kept up much longer, he would get shot, too, in time. He took a short way of ending the battle.

Seriously, what kind of marksmen are the guardians of Richmond's life and property? This letter says that a policeman told the writer he was not required to practice shooting, and that he had kept one cartridge in his pistol nearly a year. That sounds far-fetched considering the inspections we have every now and again. We understood that the Blues Armory secured a rifle range partly for the use of the police? Does the Police Board require regular target practice by each member of the force at stated intervals? Such is the rule in other cities. The present instance suggests that it should be enforced, if not now a regulation. The danger to innocent people from a poor marksman, even in a uniform, is serious.

The other point of this bit of street life is that the season for rabies is here, and that proper precautions to protect children, as well as adults, from the infection of mad dogs should be made. This disease can be stamped out. The Board of Health should enforce such rules as will make the death of any citizen from rabies an impossibility. Muzzled dogs are the only good dogs in the summer time.

BOOKS IN SUMMER.

While the suggestion for buying a splendid library building from Richmond College waits on city action, why not start the spirit of the library this summer by putting what books we have into use? In the schools and scattered around in other places there must be about 5,000 volumes that could be used during the vacation without much expense. All that is really needed for a library is the books and the man to handle them. We could place these volumes in any convenient city building, say the John Marshall High School, or the building across the street now occupied by the School Board.

We could list them and place them on shelves. Then we might expend, say, \$150 a month for a librarian and help. Tell the school children and teachers that here was material to continue study in summer, and to make life easier and loathing more stimulating. With the proper cam-

paign of education, we believe many stay-at-home folks and the great mass of people who toll and never get vacations might be taught to come here to get good, helpful reading.

In this connection, why not put books at work in the new playgrounds? Books are play. The player sits still instead of moving. His imagination does that, and his emotions. There are rainy days, when outdoor sport and games are impossible. Many parents would be very grateful if some amusement could be provided for the restless and worrisome kids at such crises. During the heat of the day in summer, exercise is dangerous. The quiet relaxation of good books under the wise direction of a supervisor would form a welcome change from physical play. Story-telling would be a means of getting the children interested in reading.

We base our hopes for a library on the influence of the child. Whatever can be done to teach him to look toward the city for his books is the foundation for a library. Buildings and grounds do not make libraries. They are made by people reading. Richmond can begin any time giving the people free culture and information in books just as it is now given in the schools in free text-books at \$10,000 a year. Why cut off the free books when school is over? There are forty or fifty years left for study.

WHAT WISCONSIN PILGRIMS LEARNED.

The fact that about 100 men from Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, including the Mayor of that city and of Atlantic City, made a pilgrimage to the University of Wisconsin to find out what was being done to help politics and government by the "Wisconsin idea," is interesting and significant of a new life in this nation. What they discovered is equally important. The general result is given in a statement signed by twenty representative members of the party. In part, it reads:

The leading thought impressed upon the Wisconsin pilgrims is the systematic:

- (1) Effective application of scientific methods of knowledge to governmental agencies, or government after expert investigation;
- (2) State-wide dissemination of the vast accumulations of knowledge in a form accessible to the public;
- (3) Helpful co-operation with the individuals of the State in all of their everyday lives, to the end that knowledge of the few may become the more widely diffused.

The importance of the systematic dissemination of knowledge in a form accessible to the public cannot be overestimated.

The people of Wisconsin are getting a help from their university which they deeply appreciate, and in return for which they have given it a liberal and enthusiastic support. They look to it for their ideals and inspiration, and are proud to sit under its teaching and to follow its instruction.

Knowledge, scientifically applied to government; knowledge distributed everywhere in daily life—this sums the Wisconsin idea.

Here is a hint for the University of Virginia as big as a house. Here is exactly what we meant when we wrote: "Put it Up to Eggleston." Here is what we want in the whole Virginia school system.

For Richmond, we think the need of more knowledge is the paramount issue. We need in voter and officer the spirit that sent these men pilgrims to the West in search of more knowledge.

Twenty-five doctors of the Chicago Medical Society have gone on record as favoring tight skirts for women as hygienic, artistic and comfortable. They say that platted and wide skirts are the best little germ carriers in the world, and that the narrow garment corrects bad walking. It makes the feet track as those of an Indian and turns them in instead of out. This latter trick breaks down the arch of the foot in time. We state all this to be perfectly fair, but we be hanged if we like them anyhow.

One of the joys of commencement is wearing a borrowed dress suit and having the waiter spill soup over it.

Judging from the letters sent out from the University of Virginia concerning the 1908 class reunion this June, we opine a fine new tradition is about to be made at that very traditional institution.

The sunshine of Virginia is mighty fine, but don't let's forget the soil that produces all these roses.

By the time the lobbyists and Europe get through with our tariff bill, it will make a nice sieve.

Our idea of a kind deed: for the Council to give the Administrative Board a loving cup.

The Colonel takes his temperance all out in abstaining from alcohol, just think of his language!

It's getting to be a stranger world than ever. Here is a Pittsburgh chief of police who intends to regulate courting in the parks. He does not think "real lovers" should be harassed, but will make a distinction in their privileges. All mashers are to be sent to jail, but sweethearts will be permitted to kiss in the parks. This is paternalism gone to seed. The espionage of policemen on courtship is a bad thing, we admit, but how greatly is the ordinary officer gifted with maternal insight enough to know whose intentions are serious? There is a queer combination of pagan ideals about nature and puritan ethics that will doubtless amuse the future historian of this great land.

As usual, The Times-Dispatch suggested the only feasible plan to the Plans Committee. The referendum on the referendum is logical, and we trust harmless. Now let us have a referendum on the real functions and usefulness of that city committee.

We begin to wish we never had praised this silly climate.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Boneheads.
"It seems to me," said Farmer Brown, "There's a lot of boneheads runnin' around."

You see 'em every place you go; You see 'em in church and at a show. You see 'em around in automobiles And in cafes, taking meals. When you see ten people, you've got a bunch. That there are nine boneheads in the bunch.

For most every person you see to-day is a bonehead in some sort of way; For each one has got some darn-fool fad. That the rest of the people think is bad. You think that some feller is crazy, but He also thinks that you are a nut. When you sit down to the real brass tacks

And come to face the actual facts. We are all batty on some one thing. We think we are not, but we are sing! We think we kin criticize fine art. We're batty about our benzine car. Or else we're foolish on politics. And glory in throwin' the verbal bricks. There ain't no feller who hasn't got Some eccentricity or soft spot. And so you see how it comes to pass That we all break into the bonehead class.

How to Be Cured.
There was something wrong with our carburetor, our exhaust was irregular and we seemed to be hitting only about one cylinder, and we went to see our old friend Doc about it.

"You're in a bad way, old man," said Doc. "But your condition is not necessarily serious. You can be cured. What you need is a little change."

"Yes," we agreed. "We need a little change very badly, Doc."

"What I mean is a change of climate," he replied. "Now, if you are to get well you have got to cut out highly seasoned food. You mustn't eat lobster, pate de foie gras, filet de mignon in casserole and chicken a la king. Do you think you can get along without these?"

"Yes," we replied. "We always have got along without them. What else?"

"You must cut yourself down to three drinks a day. Do you think you can do that?"

"We haven't taken a drink in a good many years."

"You must live entirely on parsnips. Can you do that?"

"We can if some kind friend will furnish the parsnips."

"Those are the main points," said Doc. "Now a little minor detail, which, however, is absolutely necessary. You must refrain from working of all kinds and you must take a long sea voyage. The Mediterranean is preferred, and after your trip you must sojourn in Europe all summer and autumn. Then you will be fit to get back on the job. I would suggest the Swiss Alps."

"How much is your bill by this time?" we asked, apprehensively.

"My bill for the advice I have given you is \$5," he replied. "But I have a great deal more to give you."

"We don't need any more advice," we replied, and handed him the \$5, which left us just enough loose change to buy the first pack of parsnips. "We only had the spring fever in the first place."

"Oh," he exclaimed. "If you had told me that when you came in it would have cost you nearly so much. I diagnose a case of spring fever for \$1."

Moral: When you go to see a doc it is cheaper to tell him what is the matter with you than to have him tell what is the matter with you.

Farwell.
He used to go to church each week, Nor missed the Sunday school; To him the services he went, And never broke that rule.

But something happened to this man Who'd been so good that far. He bough a touring car.

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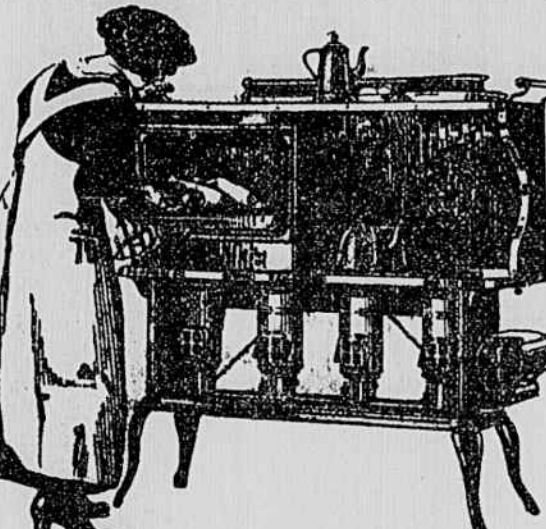
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looking on, took a club from one of the policemen and killed the poor animal.

I was informed by a policeman today that they were not required to practice shooting and to make a certain average, as in other large cities, and that his pistol which he had in his pocket contained the same cartridges he put in there last summer.

I wonder if he knows whether he will go off or not if needed? In the cause of humanity and protection, I certainly think a man who is paid to carry a weapon should know how to use it.

OSWEGO.

Beautiful Northern Neck.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—The kind words said in the editorial headed "Poetry in the Heart"

you very much appreciated. I assure you. Let me say that your article helped and encouraged me, for I have to think that there was no poetry in one who so loves to commune with nature and hear rural sounds, and feast upon the beautiful sights of woods, valleys and fields so abundant hereabouts.

Here are right, true poetry is a thing of the heart, and if we attempt to interpret the lessons which God's streams, fields, flowers and shining sunshine teach us, and the heart is cold and unsympathetic that we bring to the task, the effort will be unavailing.

It is not possible to put on paper the communings the heart has with nature when one takes a drive on these roads or saunters leisurely along on paths that wind over farms and through woods. Well again, I wonder at the wealth and grandeur of these scenes which tell us so eloquently of a Heavenly Father's love and goodness to his creatures, large and small. As sure as we are living, we don't appreciate as we should the Creator's heart, his blessings and riches as we have them in lands, streams, forests and flowers.

In this great section of our grand old State there are undeveloped riches that would be marvelous in the eyes of those who were permitted to see them. How can one have narrow and selfish views when he gazes upon the great Chesapeake Bay or again upon the great Potomac or gazes upon the beautiful Rappahannock? What a rebuke to man's mercenary spirit, selfish plans and unkind deeds and words are these lavish and magnificent expressions of the God's generosity and love!

Talk about poetry! The air is full of it hereabouts, and our prosy farmers, sailors and merchants are actors in the great poetic drama that is being daily enacted all around us.

It was over here in historic West-morland, at Wakefield where George Washington was born, and in the same county, at Stratford, in sight of the Potomac, the peerless R. E. Lee saw the light, and others less renowned were natives of our poetic Peninsula. The names of villages and residences over the neck of poetry and show that our noble North Neckers live to preserve names and traditions of classic interest and memory.

"Spy Hill," with a beautiful view on the Potomac, the residence of Henry Garnett, is a favorite resort for the Muses and the gods. "Willow Hill," the home of the North's "Huckleberry," the last named suggestive of witches; but generous and hearty hospitality was dispensed under its ample roof in ante-bellum days.

Time and space will not allow of the mention of all those nor to refer to others whose owners made of their residences that Uncle Sam's malls might come to the proper destination without confusion. Think of one such named "Go By," another "Igo," while "Doggie," "Ambar," "Gera," etc., help to make the list.

Bryan, Keats, Gray and the gentle Cowper, if alive, might find over here abundant inspiration for the strong, steady flight of their soaring Muse.

I am sure that The Times-Dispatch, contributing all its power and its pen and inspiring schemes, would find this great section a fine field, too, from which to send his poetic effusions.

E. P. PARHAM.

What is a Confederate Veteran?
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—The definition of a Confederate veteran has been very concisely and beautifully given by Judge Robert L.

Rodgers, the gifted historian of the C. V. A. of Fulton County, Ga., twenty-three years ago, as follows:

"In taking an account of ourselves as Confederate veterans, we need not speculate about the facts before the war. A Confederate veteran was not a fact before the war. We frequently hear of things which existed before the war."

"Some people were rich before the war. Some people were slaves before the war. Some men were born and advanced to city citizenship. There were Governors, Senators, judges and militia majors, but never was there a Confederate veteran before the war."

"A Confederate veteran is to-day a unique thing in life, and will ever be unique in history."

"Nothing else and nobody else is a 'Confederate' in the same sense as a Confederate veteran. He is an evolution of a revolution—a relic of the 'Lost Cause'."

"In the sorrowful ruins of his defeat he stands like Napoleon, grand, gloomy and peculiar, though the veteran of the war, he is a relic of a lost cause."

"A Confederate veteran is a living and active factor in public affairs. He is a relic of a lost cause, a relic of a lost cause, a relic of a lost cause."

"Fewer and fewer they become as we pass them in their graves, and we feel sad to contemplate the fact that the last one must go from earth and then there can never be another 'Confederate' veteran."

"The last one must be the last of the kind. Holding firmly and conscientiously as we do to the correctness of the principles for which we fought, in our great defeat there is no consolation in the shadow of a doubt that we are right."

"Giving honor to whom honor is due, too much praise cannot be given to our brave soldiers, who in the face of battle, yielding up dear life as a holy sacrifice to the principles of freedom and justice, they contended, and in which they bravely died."

"We, indeed they were right! It was the right they died to defend and maintain, and for which they died willingly with an approving conscience, shedding their blood, and sanctified in high heaven."

"Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere a boon, an offering heaven holds dear."

"Tis the last Liberator Liberty draws From the heart that bleeds and breaks In her cause."

Objections to Annexation.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—Your editorial to-day invites the statement of objections to the annexation of the city of Richmond. Without wishing to oppose every extension, and unable to criticize a plan which I heartily endorse, I would like, nevertheless, to give some objections to wide extension, and to question the advantages claimed for it.

(1) In every squarely built territory the cost of improvements made by the city will exceed the revenue from taxes required to defray the expense. Not only of that large majority of the community that live within the present city, but of all the others that come into it.

(2) The claim that annexation will lower rents is open to much doubt, to say the least. There is no real estate "monopoly" either within or without the city to hold up rents artificially; on the contrary, there is much competition in selling and renting. There is widespread speculation, accompanying a period of expansion and optimism, in which some hopes for the future are capitalized. This, of course, tends to raise rents, but it is not easy to see how annexation will help that the process is going on outside of the city as much as inside, and we bring its cure in by opening up more land for sale, till the market is glutted. The rents on outlying property may be lower than the rents on property more central; but why should rents in Barton Heights, for instance, be lower after annexation than before? It would be interesting to know how rents in Manchester were affected by

annexation. In this case the people of Richmond by express agreement undertook to pay a part of the cost of improving the annexed territory. In general to bring outlying territory within the limits of a town means to give it more "city improvements," and this increases the value of the land and the cost of living on it. Evidently the community, taken as a whole, cannot add to these improvements within its borders and thereby reduce its cost of living. It may be held that the territory should be full city improvements unduly raises the value of the property within that area. That is not impossible. If so, it leaves the outside property to sell and rent for less than it would if taken in. The owners of land close to city limits expect the selling and rental value of their property to be increased more than the improvements will cost them; the renter must pay their profit as well as the cost of improvement.

(3) One important object of very early annexation, too little thought of, can be attained better by other means. This is the laying out of highways and parks around the city in the interest of the whole city and its future growth, according to some harmonious plan, and this work should be taken up by a permanent board created by the State with control over a wide zone. This board must have the power of condemnation, and perhaps the power to lay taxes. To plan a city in advance should add to its beauty, healthfulness, convenience and economy of transportation. Annexation always comes early enough for this; the city should be sacrificed to the permanent interests of a city as a whole. The temporary interest, or fancied interest, sometimes to the ignorance of a few property owners, has already been done to injure and limit the future of Richmond. Will not the Chamber of Commerce take up this question? Boston will furnish an example of such a board. No matter how early a plan of annexation is adopted, a wider territory should be controlled in the interest of a growing city, and this work is possible to do live within that territory, even to their advantage.

E. G.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Songs Wanted.
There is request for the words of the songs, "Molly Darling" and "Put My Little Boots Away." Will some reader kindly send copy?

Stuffing a Frog.
Please tell me what preservative to use on the skin and what to use for filling in stuffing a bullfrog.

W. H. STIEBOLD.
A strong solution of arsenic. Cotton.

Kinship.
Is A's nephew and his wife is half-sister to A's wife. What is the relationship of the children of the couples?

By the first count, second cousins. There is no exact name for all the degrees of "half-kin" but by the second count the children would be of half as much kin as if the mothers were full sisters, and "second" cousins conveys as well as any term the idea of half as